

The History of

Prince. Faith, tell mee now in earnest, how came Falstaffs Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of England but he would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare grasle, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men- I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blush to heare his monstrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers and cold purfes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly raken.

Enter Falstaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly raken, Halter. Here comes leane Iack, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is 't agoe, Iacke, since thou sawest thine owne Kneet?

Fal. My owne Kneet? when I was about thy yeeres - (Halt) I was not an Eagles talon in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring; a plague of sighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir Iohn Braby from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North Percy; and he of Wales, that gaue Amanton the Bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a Welch hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O Glendower!

Fal. Owen Glendower, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes, Douglas, that runs a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal.

Henry the Fourth.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prince. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascall hath good metall in him, he will not runne.

Prince. Why; what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but on foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, hee is theretoo, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue Caps more. Worcester is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffering hold, wee shall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Masse, Lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, Art not thou horribly afraid? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three such Enemies againe, as that fiend Douglas, that sprite Percy, and that diuell Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit. Faith: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt bee horribly chidded to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue mee, practise an answere.

Prince. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? conent: this Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden Scepter for a leden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitifulfull bald Crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of Grace bee not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept: For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambyses veine.

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Prince.